

## NASCAR ?? by prettyboiiharrington

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**Summary:**

anonymous — Billy going to the dentist and coming back high on sedatives, so Steve has to take care of his clingy and even more whiny boyfriend.

## NASCAR ??

“I’m fine, don’t be a bitch,” Billy slurs, stumbling over his own feet, falling down onto the couch, and then pretending like it was all intentional. “I was fine enough for you to let me drive us home.”

“You *didn’t* drive us home,” Steve rolls his eyes, but his frustration is momentarily dulled when Billy curls up against his side like a kitten the second he joins him on the couch.

“Yes, I did, I remember I did, stop messing with me,” Billy whines, nuzzling Steve’s thigh with his nose and then resting his head on it. Steve doesn’t know how he could possibly be comfortable, but Billy’s weird and also high as a fucking kite so who knows.

“You didn’t drive, I handed you a paper plate and you made fake engine noises all the way home. You tried to tell me you’re a NASCAR driver,” Steve sighs, nudging Billy so he’ll sit up for a second and pulling his hair back into a bun so that the idiot will stop chewing and sucking on the strands like a goddamn toddler.

“I could be a NASCAR driver, you don’t know *all* my secrets,” he argues, plopping back down into his position. It’s a lie and they both know it. Even a very high Billy knows that Steve knows everything about him, knows him down to his bone marrow and brain matter.

“Actually, I do.”

“Yeah, you do,” Billy giggles fondly but starts to panic when he feels his ear tug back. “Steve !! Stevie I’m stuck !!” he whines, wiggling and whimpering.

“Hey, calm down or you’re gonna hurt yourself, for fuck’s sake,” Steve sees the problem instantly. His fucking earring is caught on the little tiny hole forming on Steve’s jeans, because that’s just Billy’s luck.

“Calm down!!” he repeats forcefully when Billy won’t stop squirming, and Billy stills instantly, pouting angrily at Steve for being mean, but not wanting to upset him further. Once Steve takes his earring out

and unhooks it from his jeans to set it on the table, Billy's mood changes almost instantly.

"My hero," he tries to sound seductive, but he really just sounds like a goofy little kid. Steve can't help but chuckle, because he may be fucking annoying but he's also somehow fifty kinds of adorable. Steve rolls his eyes but puts his arm around Billy, offering him some of the attention he's clearly begging for.

Apparently, it's not enough though because Billy starts whining and nudging Steve so hard he's practically fucking headbutting him; he thought Billy was a mess after too much tequila but whatever that dentist had him breathing in sure takes the fucking cake.

"Okay, okay !! Jesus, what the fuck do you want man ?!" Steve throws his arms up in frustration, but it leaves a pretty big opening and Billy seems to see an opportunity in that. He takes it as his cue to crawl right into Steve's lap and wiggle for a solid five minutes before finally deciding he's comfortable.

Steve is considerably less comfortable considering he's holding all of Billy's weight and all of that wiggling gave him a raging hard-on but he'll take it if it means his spoiled brat of a boyfriend will finally settle the fuck down.

"Better?"

"Better," Billy nods with a sweet smile, kissing Steve's neck and closing his eyes. Steve opens his mouth to say something, but Billy is already snoring. He tries not to think about just how long he might be stuck under Billy, or the fact that his legs are already falling asleep.

The things he'll put up with for this idiot.